

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

VOL. XIX—NO. 230.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 27, 1879—Six Pages.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS.
All Advertising Contracts made by the Sentinel are conditioned upon this paper having a larger circulation than all the other English Dailies of the city combined.

HALF CENT COLUMN.

DEEDS.
SIMMONS—A. C. Calhoun, City, on the 27th inst. conveyed to his wife, W. D. Simmons, 1/2 of the lot on which the late A. C. Simmons resided, containing 1/2 acre, more or less, situated in the city of Fort Wayne, Ind.

FOR EXCHANGE.
FOR EXCHANGE—We have Shares of Land in Iowa, with prospects for four years on them, in the city which we will trade for desirable real estate property in this city. S. E. SINDLER and GEO. L. BUTTINGER, 924d.

FOR EXCHANGE.
FOR EXCHANGE—Improved fruit and grain land in Michigan near the lake. Will exchange for real estate property. ISAAC M. HAY, 62 Calhoun street.

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WANTED—(Continued.)

WANTED—A first class solicitor. Must have experience and be a sober man. References required. Address: Spectator, office.

WANTED—Six girls for hand work, at the Overall Factory. Apply immediately at No. 31 Clinton street.

WANTED—Four men to shave heads, immediately. Address or call on W. DUSTEN, Hinfertown.

WANTED—If you have anything to sell, call at SHUMAN'S, No. 71 East Main street.

WANTED—Boys for West Jefferson street.

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LABOR VS. CAPITAL.

Attempt to Inaugurate a General Strike of All Trades.

St. Louis the Center of the New Movement.

St. Louis, Sept. 27.—A private circular has been issued here by the trades assembly and sent to all the assemblies of the United States and British North America, setting forth a project for a general strike of all trades assemblies, and to take united action for the adoption and enforcement of the eight hour law, the abolition of the week system, and child labor. They also propose to organize unions of all trades not now organized, and to appoint an agitation committee to carry out the purpose of the assembly.

SPORTING.

Scores of the Great Pedestrian Match Up to 3 P. M.

To-day.

The Race Practically Finished, with Rowell the Winner.

New York, Sept. 27.—All the pedestrians in the contest for the Astley belt and prize money, except Federmeier, who has withdrawn, were on the track early and of them nothing. The following is the score at 9 o'clock:

Weston.....421
Rowell.....421
Hazel.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421

12 o'clock score:

Weston.....421
Rowell.....421
Hazel.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421

3 o'clock score:

Rowell.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Hazel.....421
Weston.....421

5 o'clock score:

Rowell.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Hazel.....421
Weston.....421

7 o'clock score:

Rowell.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Hazel.....421
Weston.....421

9 o'clock score:

Rowell.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Hazel.....421
Weston.....421

11 o'clock score:

Rowell.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Hazel.....421
Weston.....421

1 o'clock score:

Rowell.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Hazel.....421
Weston.....421

3 o'clock score:

Rowell.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Hazel.....421
Weston.....421

5 o'clock score:

Rowell.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Hazel.....421
Weston.....421

7 o'clock score:

Rowell.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Hazel.....421
Weston.....421

9 o'clock score:

Rowell.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Hazel.....421
Weston.....421

11 o'clock score:

Rowell.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Hazel.....421
Weston.....421

1 o'clock score:

Rowell.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Hazel.....421
Weston.....421

3 o'clock score:

Rowell.....421
Meritt.....421
Hart.....421
Taylor.....421
Guyon.....421
Egan.....421
Hazel.....421
Weston.....421

LATE CITY NEWS.

Teachers pay day.

Miss W. H. Hoffman returned home today.

V. Shumonds, of Pleasant Lake, died today.

Miss Olive McKinley has returned to Lansing, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hyde have returned to Chicago.

The street cars carried about 7,000 passengers on Thursday.

The prosecutor has dismissed the case against Sol McClish.

The Hagmon wheel of fortune will go to Deland next week.

Only twenty-five marriage licenses have been issued this week.

Dan Benninghoff will soon unite in padlocks with an East Lewis street belle.

Theophilus Guillard died in Milan township today of spinal disease, aged 61.

Dr. Ferguson received notice this afternoon of the death of his wife's mother at Columbia City this morning.

The county superintendent to-day is examining about 30 applicants for license to teach young ideas how to about.

The illustrating corps of the county history will fill out for new quarters on Monday, being through with their work here.

There will be a meeting of the old settlers in the clerk's office to-night, to make arrangements to attend the reunion at Indianapolis next week.

The county commissioners are in session to-day, settling up the account of John Hamilton (dec'd) as trustee of Wayne township. Sam. Sinclair appears for the decedent.

August Hausfeld, the boot thief and ex-jewelry man, who was arrested today, was taken before Justice Pratt and bound over to the criminal court for petit larceny in the sum of \$500, in default of which he went to jail.

Hausfeld, the jewelry vendor who was arrested and jailed some time ago and released yesterday, opened the ball this morning again by stealing a pair of new boots from Fry's grocery store. The marshals and sheriff went once notified of the theft and about an hour afterward he was arrested at Lewis Clark by Deputy Sheriff Wilkinson.

Meteorologist.

Washington, Sept. 27.—Indications for the Ohio valley, increasing cloudiness, with rain and snow, to be followed by a cold wave, with falling barometer. For the lower lake region, cloudy weather with rain, warmer northerly winds, falling barometer.

Marine.

New York, Sept. 27.—Arrived, the Steamship City of Brussels, from Liverpool.

Money and Commerce.

Quotations of the Principal Shares and Stocks on Wall Street.

Condition of the Leading Grain and Produce Markets.

Financial and Commercial Reports up to 2 P. M. To-day.

New York Money and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.

MONEY—500 percent.

STOCKS—Quiet.

RAILROAD BONDS—Quiet.

STOCKS—Quiet.

STOCKS—Quiet.

STOCKS—Quiet.

STOCKS—Quiet.

STOCKS—Quiet.

STOCKS—Quiet.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC-TO-NIGHT.

Under the Gaslight--Special Scenery.

Great Railroad Scene--The Pier and East River Bridge.

"GOFFY GOFFY" and 20 Artists.

Positively One Night Only.

MONDAY, SEPT. 29th, 1879.

The Most Spectacular Attraction before the public.

WITH THE GIGANTIC COMBINATION.

In Boucicault's Famous American Drama of

THE OCTOBER.

Phenomenal Cast of Characters.

Beautiful and Picturesque Scenic Effects.

New and Original Music.

The Old Dominion Colored Vocalists.

Reserved Seats 75 cents, now on sale at Geo. H. Fowler's.

General Admission 50 cents.

Boys' Gallery 25 cents.

Reduction on Teas.

No premium on food, no duty on Teas, which make the Reduction in Prices possible.

Best Young Hyson, 65c.

do Basket Fired Japan, 65c.

do Formosa Oolong, 65c.

do Gunpowder, 65c.

All 50-cent Teas for 45c.

AT THE

YANKEE GROCERY.

Real Estate

PANIC PRICES.

25 lots in Campbell's Addition, East End, for sale. Now is the time for those who desire it to secure a cheap home.

Lots in the same neighborhood have sold and been held at from \$200 to \$1,000.

These now are offered at \$200 each, 25 down, the balance in one, two and three years.

For particulars apply to

FISHER & TONS,

EAST BERRY STREET.

Bird Seeds.

Mocking Bird Food,

Canary Bird Food,

Song Restorer,

POPULAR PRICES, 25, 50 AND 75 CENTS

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.

News and Advertising Bureau.

For 10 cents: One hundred page Pamphlet, with Lists of Newspapers and Advertising Rates.

For Ten Dollars: Four lines inserted one week in Three Hundred and Fifty Newspapers.

10 Spruce St., N. Y.

KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY

LANDS! LANDS!

KANSAS TO THE FRONT!

The Leading Grain State in the Union in 1878, and the Fourth Corn State--The Great Kansas Harvest in 1878 was sold for the "Golden Belt."

The celebrated Grain Belt to country, in the time-honored section of Central Kansas, answered by the Kansas Pacific.

The following statement is taken from the report of the Kansas state board of agriculture for 1878:

WHEAT!

Kansas raised in 1877 to the first wheat in the Union in 1878, producing 25,315,361 bushels of wheat, and 5,798,403 bushels of spring wheat, total.

32,315,361

Bushels of wheat, with only one-eighth of the state under cultivation. The organized counties lying in the Golden Wheat Belt of the state, produced 23,333,224 bushels, or over 41 percent, and including unorganized counties, fully 14,000,000 bushels, or 43 percent of the entire yield of wheat in the state, averaging 21 bushels to the acre, while the average for the state was 17 bushels per acre.

Kansas, the Fourth Corn State in the Union in 1878, produced 29,324,371 bushels of corn. Of which the Golden Grain Belt counties produced 27,309,055 bushels, or 21 percent, nearly one-third of the entire yield of the state, with an equally grand showing in all other departments of agriculture.

The foregoing facts show conclusively why

29 percent of the increase in population in the state during the past four years; and 20 percent of the increase in the population during the past year, and

43 percent of the increased acreage of wheat in the state in 1878, belonged to the "Golden Belt."

A Farm for Everybody--65,000,000 Acres--6,000,000 acres--for sale by the Kansas Pacific--the best land in America, at from \$20 to \$50 per acre, one-quarter off for cash, or on 6 or 11 years credit at 7 percent interest. I don't take much money to buy a farm on the Kansas Pacific--\$25 to \$50 will secure 25 acres on credit, or \$125 to \$500 in cash will buy it outright.

Send to S. J. Gilmore, Land Commissioner, Salina, Kas., for the "Kansas Pacific Homestead," a publication which tells about Lands, Homesteads, Pre-emption

THE "SENTINEL"

Has the Largest Bona Fide Circulation of Any Daily Paper in the State, outside of Indianapolis. Advertisers and Others are Invited to Call at this Office and Verify this Assertion.

TAKING CARE OF HIM NIGHTS.

Rob is the nicest baby. He hardly ever cries. And oh, he is just too lovely. When he shuts his dark blue eyes I don't wish you could see him. It is worth a thousand sights. I guess you wouldn't think so. If you had to take care of him nights. I'm glad he is just so little. Wait till he stamps, and shouts and screams. Until he shakes the floor! Wait till he wears great rubber boots, and teases for balls and kites! I guess you'd be glad to have him grow. If you had to take care of him nights!—*Dear Read Gouldie, St. Nicholas for October.*

MADCAP VIOLET.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"I am beginning to think what I have done, that is all," she said, trying to conceal her tears; "and it is never to be undone now. And all for what?—a drive and a look at some flowers; and now I can never look my father in the face again, nor the only friends I have in the world, nor Miss Main, nor any body."

"They—they needn't know," he said, hesitatingly.

"Don't I know myself?" she said, vehemently. "Can any thing be worse than that? And I never was so mean as to deceive any one before—and—and—oh! I can't bear to think of it!"

"You must not think so much of all this," said he, soothingly. "The fact is, you are very proud, and what annoys you wouldn't disturb any body else. It was barely fair, I admit, to go and deceive those people, or rather let them deceive themselves; but, after all, it was only a bit of fun."

"Yes," she said, rapidly. "It was that at the time—it was that all to-day—but, now that we have had our adventure, comes the price that has to be paid for it. Do you know what I would give to have those last few days cut out of my life altogether? That is the worst of it; you can not forget."

"It isn't so serious as all that," he pleaded.

"Not to you," she answered.

He certainly perceived that what delight was to come of this adventure had passed away. All the gay and careless audacity had fled from her manner; she seemed to be brooding over her self-humiliation. It was no use arguing with her; she was much too sharp in her replies for him. He began to think they might as well drive back to London.

She pulled out her watch.

"Could your man get me up to London by half-past five?"

"Certainly, if we start now."

"And would you mind leaving me anywhere in the neighborhood of Euston Square? You can go home then, you know."

"But how about Miss Main?" said he, in surprise.

"Never mind her; I will arrange about that."

"All right," said he; "we must return to the inn at once."

It was a sultry afternoon as they drove back along the dusty highway to the great town they had left in the morning. A light brown haze had come over the sky; and the sun, that had glared so brightly on the highway, where the shadows of the trees were purple rather than gray. There was no wind now; the air seemed to choke one; the birds were hushed; every thing promised thunder.

"You mean to sound see your father, I suppose?" said he.

"Yes," she said, firmly. "This at least I can do—I can go and confess to every one whom I have deceived, and ask their pardon—every one. What they will think of me afterward—well, I can not help that. I should have thought of that before undertaking this piece of folly."

"I don't see why you should bear all the blame, and take all the punishment," he said. "I will tell you what I will do, if you like: what if I go up to your father's with you, and tell him the whole story? I will if you like."

"You would?" she said, with her face brightening.

"I like you for that," she said, frankly; "but, of course, I can not allow it. You had nothing to do with it all. It isn't the mere running off for a day that I regret—that was mere stupidity—but the horrid cheating; it is that I can't get over."

"That is merely because you are so proud."

"It does not matter how or why it is, so long as it is there. I am what I am; and I hate myself—I shall continue to hate myself until I have confessed the whole thing, and left it with them to forgive me or not, as they please. And if they do, will they ever be able to forget? No; no; this piece of fun—of ridiculous nonsense—has done something that is not to be undone, I know that."

"Come, I say," he remonstrated, "you are really taking the thing too much to heart. Is there no sort of condoning a mistake in the world? Is every thing you do to stick to you forever? I think that would be uncommonly hard."

"Tell your man to go as fast as he can," that was all the answer she made; and yet it was said wistfully, so that he took no offense.

In due course of time they got up into the hot air of London; the ominous sky was clearing, but the sultry closeness still remained. When they reached the neighborhood of Euston Square she asked to be set down; and

then she held out her hand, and bid him good bye.

"When am I to see you again?" he asked, rather timidly.

"Perhaps never," she answered; and then she added, with a smile, "Don't ask me to make any more appointments at present. There has been enough mischief out of that."

"I mean to see you soon," said he, some firmness; and then he drove away.

She walked up to the door of her father's house, and rang the bell. Her heart was beating violently.

"Is Sir Acton at home, George?"

"Yes, miss," answered the man; and then she walked in and through the hall.

She found her father in a room the walls of which were almost covered with plans and maps, while the table was littered with all manner of papers. When he looked up it was clear that his mind was deeply engaged on some project, for he betrayed no surprise at finding her standing there.

"Well, Violet, well?" he said, absently. "I will see you at dinner; go away now, like a good girl."

If he was not surprised to find her there, he was sufficiently startled by what followed. Before he knew how it all happened, he found the girl down on her knees beside him, hiding her head in his lap, and crying wildly and bitterly. What could it all mean? He began to recollect that his daughter had not been expected to dinner.

"My girl, my girl, what is all this about?" said he.

She told him, with many sobs, the whole story—every particular of it, and eagerly putting the whole blame on herself. To tell the truth, Sir Acton was not so very much shocked; but, then, the story told by herself would have sounded differently had it reached him as a rumor at second-hand.

"That is all, then?" said he. "You have just come back from that foolish excursion? Well, well, you did right to come to me."

Perhaps at the moment some notion flashed across his mind that he had not quite given the girl that measure of paternal advice and protection which was her due. Nor, indeed, was it easy for him to say off-hand what he should do now; for his mind was still filled with particulars of a Canadian railway, and there was scarcely room for the case of this runaway school-girl.

"Bless my soul, now," said he. "I don't know what we had better do—"

"Oh, papa?" she cried, with the beautiful dark eyes still wet with tears, looking up imploringly to his face, "take me with you to Canada! I asked you on Saturday; and if you had said yes, then, I should have been so happy! I want to go away from England—I hate England—I don't care how long you are away. Papa, won't you take me with you to Canada?"

He put his hand on her head; was there some look of her mother in those earnest, entreating eyes?

"I will do any thing you really wish," he said, hurriedly. "But you don't know what this means. I may be away longer than I expect at present—perhaps eighteen months or two years."

"Oh, papa, that is just what I want—to be away for a long, long time, or altogether—"

"But the traveling, Violet. We should have to be continually traveling—immensely long distances, with little time for amusement and sight-seeing. And we should occasionally get into places where the hotel accommodation would doubtless frighten a London-bred young lady."

"It won't frighten me," she said; and there was a happy light shining through her tears; for had he not used the word "we"?

He got up and began to walk about the room; she stood for a minute or two irresolute, and then she went to him, and put her head in his bosom, so that he put his arms round her.

"Papa, I will be such a good companion to you! I will copy all your letters for you, and I will get up in the morning and see that the people have your breakfast for you, and I will take charge of all your clothes and your papers, and every thing. And I don't want to go sight-seeing—I would far rather see railways, and coal-mines, and engine-houses; and I don't need any outfit, for I can wear the dresses I have; and if there is any great expense, papa, you might give me ten pounds a year less until you make it up."

At this he burst out laughing; but it was rather a gasping sort of laugh, and there was just a trace of moisture in his eyes as he patted her head.

"I think we might scrape together the few pounds for your traveling without starving you," said he.

"Then you will let me go with you?" she cried, raising her head, with a great delight shining in her face.

He nodded assent. Then she put her arms round his neck and pulled down his head, and said,

"I have something to whisper to you, papa. It is that I love you; and that there is no other papa like you in the whole world."

"Ah, well," said he, when she had released him, "that being settled, what do you propose now, Miss Violet?"

"Oh," she said, "now I have confessed every thing to you, and you have been so good to me, I am not so anxious about other people; but still I have to go and beg them to forgive me too—and I will go on my knees to them all, if they wish; and then, papa, I must tell Miss Main that I am going to Canada. When do we go, papa?"

"Will three weeks hence be too soon for you?"

"Three days wouldn't!"

"Then, between a fortnight and three weeks."

She was so overjoyed and grateful that she gladly consented to stay to dinner—a telegram having been sent to Miss Main—and she even condescended to be civil to Lady North and to her rather ugly half-sisters. After dinner she was sent over to the school in her father's brougham.

She made her peace with Miss Main, though that lady was sore distressed to hear that she was about to leave

the school and go to Canada. Then she went up to her own room.

She threw open the window. It had now begun to rain; and there were sweet, cool winds about. In the dim orange twilight of a solitary candle, she got out from her trunk the leaves of her MS. novel, and these she deliberately tore to pieces.

"You sham stuff, that is an end of you!" she seemed to say; "you must pack off, along with plenty of other nonsense. I have done with that now; you were good enough as the amusement of a school-girl. The school-girl casts you aside when she steps into the life of a woman."

CHAPTER VIII.

ENGLAND, FAREWELL!

"When does she go?" asked James Drummond of his sister. He was rather moodily staring out of window.

"To-morrow she goes down to Southampton; and I think they sail next day. All the school is in a terrible way about it; Amy has been having little fits of crying by herself these two or three days back. She says that the whole of the girls came and asked Violet for some little keepsake—and of course she would part with her head if it was asked of her—and now they mean to present her with some book or other, with their names written in it. Dear, dear me, what will our Amy do! I am glad she had sufficient sense not to accept Violet's watch—the notion of one girl coolly offering another a gold watch!"

"We shall miss her too," Mr. Drummond said; he was apparently not overjoyed at Violet North's approaching departure.

He turned impatiently from the window.

"Do you know," said he—with a look of anger which would have frightened any body but his sister, who knew his ways—"do you know what mischief is likely to be done the girl by this two years' trip? Look at her now—a wild, headstrong, audacious school-girl just entering the period in which her character as a woman will be formed. And at this moment, instead of letting some soft womanly hand smooth down the angles of her character—instead of submitting her to all sorts of gentle influences, which would teach her something of the grace and sweetness of a woman—they carry her off among a mob of railway directors, with their harsh, mechanical ways, and their worship of money, and their loud and bragging self-importance. Why, the girl will come back, worse than ever."

"Do you think her so very bad at present?" Mrs. Warren remonstrated, gently. "I thought you were very fond of her."

"And I am," he answered. "And there is a great deal about her that is so intensely interesting, and even fascinating; while there is much that can only be tolerated in the hope that years will eradicate it. It was all very well to be amused by her rude frankness, her happy thoughtlessness, and that sort of romantic affection she sometimes played with while she was a school-girl; but would you like to see all these things in the woman?"

"She must grow wiser as she grows older," his sister said, fighting a losing battle in defense of her friend.

"No doubt; but will she grow gentler, sweeter, more womanly? Her father, I dare say, thinks he is doing her a kindness; he is doing her a great injury."

"You don't like to part with her, James," his sister said, with a smile.

"Certainly I don't. I had some notion of asking her father to let her come and stay with us when she left school, and she would have to leave it soon. If we could have got her with us to the Highlands, and kept her there for a couple of months, she would have got familiarized with us, and staid on indefinitely."

Mrs. Warren was quite as impulsively generous as her brother; but she had to do with housekeeping hanks and tradesmen's bills; and she ventured to hint that the addition of another member to their household would affect their expenditure to a certain degree. He would not hear of that. The frugal manner in which they lived surely left them some margin for acts of friendliness; and if Violet North were to come to live with them, she was not the sort of girl to expect or appreciate expensive living.

"But there is no use talking of it," he said, with a sigh. "When she comes back, we shall see what sort of woman she is."

"That is part of your regret," said his shrewd sister. "You were always interested in the girl—watching her, questioning her, studying her—and now, just as the study was about to reach its most interesting point, she is seized and carried off. Perhaps it will not turn out so badly for her, after all: I am sure I hope so, for I can not help loving the girl, though she has never been a good example to set before our little Amy."

"I think," said Drummond, suddenly, "I should like to go down to Southampton and see her off. The poorest emigrant has friends to go and bid him good-bye. I doubt whether she will have a single creature to shake hands with her the day after to-morrow."

"Won't Mr. Miller be there?" his sister suggested.

"No; when he learned that she had promised neither to see him nor to write to him before leaving, he very fairly said that he would not try to get her to do either. And it was very straightforward of that young fellow to go up to her father and ask his pardon. I think we must get him over to dinner in a day or two."

"Yes," said his sister, with a smile, "now they have taken Violet away from you, you can begin and dissect him."

"There is more commonplace material there," said Drummond, indifferently, as he went away to get a railway time-table.

And now the hour came at which Violet North had to leave that tall house in Camberwell Grove which had been her home for many a day; and there was her father's brougham at the door, and a cab to take her small store

of worldly possessions. The girls had begged leave to go out into the bit of front garden to see her off; she came down among them, and there was a great deal of hand-shaking, and kissing, and "Good-bye, Violet," going on. It was a trying moment. For these last two weeks she had been released from all tasks; and had already assumed the airs of a woman. She had been very dignified and gracious with her former companions—a little conscious of superiority, and proud of Miss Main's professed society and counsel; and inclined at times to beg of this or that girl to be a little less unruly, and a little more mindful of the proper demeanor of a young lady. Now she was only Violet North again. Her attempt at playing the woman quite broke down; she was crying bitterly as she got into the carriage, where she bunched herself away ignominiously into a corner, and hid herself from the eyes of her companions, who were waving their handkerchiefs after her.

But she was not crying when she stood on the white decks of the great steamer, and watched the last preparations being made for leaving England. It was a brilliant and beautiful forenoon, the sun scattering millions of diamonds on the slight ripples of the water, a fair blue sky overhead. She was proud, glad, impatient to be off; the new excitement had brought such a color to her face and such a brightness to her eyes, that several of the passengers looked at this remarkably handsome girl and hoped she was not merely a visitor.

"I must be getting ashore now," said Mr. Drummond to her; and then he added, with the old friendly smile, "Are you sure you have no other message than those you have given me?"

"Do you mean for Mr. Miller?" she asked, looking down; and then, as he did not answer, she continued, "Yes, I have. Tell him I am obliged to him for all the fun and mischief I had; but that it is all over now. Oh, Mr. Drummond, isn't it fine to be able to cut off all that, and get away quite free? I am so glad to be going! And when you see me again, I shall be quite a reformed character."

"Good-bye, Sir Acton. Good-bye, Violet: don't you forget to write to us."

Shyly, like a school-girl, she took his hand; and yet she held it for a moment, and her voice rather faltered as she spoke:

"Good-bye. You have been kind to me. Try not to—think badly of me. And—and indeed you have been so kind to me!"

Two or three hours afterward, all that Violet North could see of England was a long, low line of blue, with here and there an indication of white; and now it seemed to her that she did not hate her native country at all. That is what distance does for us; the harsh and bitter features of this or that experience are slowly obliterated, and memory begins to look kindly on the past. England was to her no longer a place of squalid streets and noisy harbors, of smoke, and bustle, and din; but the fair old mother-country, proud and honorable, the beloved of many poets, the home to which the carrier-pigeon of the imagination was sure to return with swift wings from any other point of the earth. She had been glad to get away from England; yet already her heart yearned back to the old, joyous, mischievous life she had led, and it did not seem wretched at all. The new dignity of woman's estate did not wholly console her; for now she was crying just like any school-girl, and, like a school-girl, she would accept of no comfort in her misery.

CHAPTER IX.

CÆLUM NON ANIMAM.

Sir Acton North had early in life arrived at the conclusion that women were, on the whole, inexpressible creatures, who lived in a region of sentiment into which no man had ever entered, and who had all kinds of fancies and feelings which no man could possibly fathom. But because he could not understand these strange notions, did he consider them preposterous? Not at all. He took them on trust, for the very reason that he could not guess at their origin. He was most considerate toward those women with whom he had dealings; it was enough for him that they believed so and so, and did feel this or that; he had long ago given up all notion of trying to comprehend their sentiments; and, in short, he simply accepted their reports. Take, for example, the relations between Violet North and her step-mother. Why, he asked himself, could not these two people live in the same house together and be decently civil to each other? The answer was that they were women—they had "sympathies," "antipathies," "secret repugnances," and all the rest of it, which were no doubt of great importance to themselves, but were a trifle unintelligible to others. He himself, now, when a young man, had shared his rooms with this or that acquaintance, whose habits and opinions were very different from his own; but did they quarrel? No; they were two men; they had something else to think of than studying those niceties of manner and expression that seemed to make women either love each other or hate each other, as the chance might be. Had he not had to work in daily association with many a man whose appearance, and dress, and habit of speech—in fact every thing about him—betokened mingled coarseness and meanness; and yet when did either of them find the other's presence in a room an insupportable outrage on the feelings? Women were strange creatures; but they had to be leniently dealt with; for, after all, these peculiar fancies of theirs were doubtless of importance to themselves.

Sir Acton loyally carried out this theory, especially with regard to his wife and daughters. At the present moment he was humpering in a serious manner the performance of his duties in Canada, merely because a school-girl had besought him to take her away from England for eighteen months or a couple of years. He did not understand why Violet should hate England, or be so anxious to leave it. He had never committed some school-girl indiscretions; but surely every school-girl did not get into such

a passion of remorse when found out in a fault? However, here was his eldest daughter crying, sobbing, imploring to be taken with him to Canada; and so he took her.

Nor was he surprised that the moment she left England she should begin to be very sorrowful and filled with a longing regret. That was only another instance of the unintelligible workings of the feminine emotions. He cheered her as well as he could; and tried to interest her in the details of the voyage. Fortunately they had a fine passage; there were some agreeable people on board; and Miss North speedily regained her ordinary gaiety of spirits. When they landed on the shores of what was to her a new and wonderful country, moreover, she was full of high expectation. She proved, as she had promised to be, an excellent traveling companion. She was equal to any amount of fatigue—in fact, the girl had a constitution as tough as his own. She made light of delays and inconveniences; she saw every thing that was tolerably pleasant through rose-colored spectacles; such things as were beautiful or delightful provoked an admiration which was obviously flavored with gratitude. Then there was something on the other side. They were not always inspecting valleys, surveying plains, and studying maps. There were pauses of social enjoyment; and Sir Acton North, in talking about with him his daughter, was not at all averse to showing some of his old acquaintances what an English girl was like. And among those families were there not a few young men whose secretly admired and longed—who wondered whether it was not possible to fascinate, delay, and subsequently capture this beautiful bird of passage? Doubtless; but their wives were of no avail. She was too busy, eager, and happy—too gay and self-reliant of heart—to attend to imploring glances and sighs. If she had, in resolving to become a woman, thrown aside much of the fractious impatience and rude frankness of her school-days, she still retained a gracious dignity—a certain lofty ascendency of pride in herself—that would not at all permit that she should be trifled with. Those young gentlemen were not aware that she had just been released from school, or doubtless they would have been sufficiently surprised by the fashion in which a school-girl could assume all the self-reliant dignity of a woman, keeping them, more especially, in their proper place.

But even Sir Acton's placid concurrence in the vagaries of the feminine manner would have been startled if he had known the sentiment that was gradually growing up during all this time in his daughter's heart. It had been symbolized in a measure by the manner of her leaving England. She was glad to get away from the squalor, the din, the bustle of the seaport town from which they sailed; but by-and-by all those objectionable things were forgotten, and, looking back, she only saw her own beautiful England. So now all the harsh aspects and humiliating circumstances of the old life had cried to get away from were forgotten; and she looked back to the small circle of friends she had known with a tender and wistful regret. She grew to think there was no place in all the world so quiet, and homely, and beautiful as that little garden behind James Drummond's house in Camberwell Grove. The people around her did all they could to please her and amuse her; but they were only acquaintances; her friends were back in that old and yet never-forgotten time which was becoming so dear to her. She had indeed succeeded in putting a great chasm between her and that by-gone time. England was not half so far away from her as were her school-girl days. But did she cease to care for the old time, and for the friends she knew then? Not much. Both had grown dearer to her, as England had grown dearer to her; and many a night, when a great lambent planet was shining in the northern sky, she looked up, and her heart said to it, "Ah, how happy you must be; for you are able to look across the waters and see my England!"

And as for him who had been her companion in that adventure which was the main cause of her exile? Well, he underwent transformation too. First of all, she was considerably ashamed of the whole affair; and did not like to think of him. Then she began to look upon that episode in a sort of half-humorous way; she would smile to herself in reflecting on her own folly, and perhaps wonder what he was now thinking of it all. But as the days and the weeks, and the months went by—as the continual succession of actual lakes, and mountains, and pine-woods made England look more and more visionary and remote—so that little adventure came to be regarded as the only bit of romance that had ever occurred to her, and she thought of the bright May-day as belonging to a past spring-time not likely to be recalled in the life of a woman. He, too, had not been made the victim of her petulant caprice? Had he not manfully gone and taken the blame of that for which he was in no wise responsible? And did he sometimes think of her now?

For a long time she never mentioned him in her letters. One day she put a timid little postscript at the end of the last page—she was writing to Mrs. Warren—and this was what she asked, in a half-comical way:

"Do you ever see my youthful sweetheart now? What a long time it seems since we made fools of ourselves! I suppose he has quite forgotten me by this time; and as for me, I can scarcely remember what he was like, except that he had wavy light-brown hair, which I thought very lovely, and quite Adonis-looking. Sometimes I dream that I am caught in some awful piece of mischief, and Miss Main is setting me three pages of 'Telemaque' to write out."

It was a casual and apparently a careless question; but somehow the answer was looked for. And that came from Mr. Drummond himself, who described, in his rambling, odd, peculiar fashion, the evening which Mr. George Miller had spent at his house the very night before. The girl

dwelt long over that pleasant little picture; until she was more ready than ever to cry out, "How very happy the stars must be, because they can see my England!"

CHAPTER X.

A MESSAGE HOME.

England, meanwhile, had not remained stationary merely because Violet North had left it. The little world in which she had lived still waggled on in its accustomed way, bringing all manner of changes, big and little, to the people she had known.

First of all, Mr. Drummond had finally completed his scheme for a great work to which he meant to devote the following winter. He had developed many such schemes before; and he had always been looking forward to a winter's serious work; but somehow the big project generally dwindled down to the dimensions of a magazine article, and even that was sometimes too whimsical and perverse for the most patient of editors. However, this time he was resolved to get the thing done; and so he went to a publisher whom he knew, carrying with him a few slips containing the outlines of his projected book. The publisher's face grew more puzzled as he looked at the following title and table of contents:

ON A PROPOSAL TO WHITEWASH THE OUTSIDE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Sub-head 1.—The General Properties and History of Whitewash.

Section I. On Expiatory Punishments.

Section II. Remarks on Modern Estimates of Judas Iscariot, Nero, Henry VIII., and Torquemada.

Section III. Whitewash Street.

Section IV. On those retrospective marriage laws which clear the character of illegitimate children.

Section V. On tombstone inscriptions.

Sub-head 2.—The Outside of Westminster Abbey.

Section I. On Exploited Reputations.

Section II. Three questions propounded: (1) Is it possible for the disembodied spirit to be present at the funeral of his own body? (2) Is it possible for a disembodied spirit to blush? (3) Is it probable that, on several occasions, disembodied spirits may have been present in Westminster Abbey, and blushed to find their own bodies being buried there?

Section III. On the Dean of Westminster as a collector of curiosities.

Section IV. On the possibility of a Dean of Westminster becoming possessed of the evil eye, and therefore able to secure celebrities for his collection before the proper time.

Section V. A proposal for a Junior Westminster Abbey; the occupants of the present Abbey to retire by rotation; vacancies to be filled up from the Junior.

The publisher got no further than that. His brain was in a whirl, and he sought safety by getting back to the initial point of his perplexity.

"God bless my soul!" he cried, "what do you mean, Drummond? To whitewash Westminster Abbey? Why, the public wouldn't hear of such a thing. It would be an outrage—a barbarism. I never heard of such a notion!"

A quick, strange, bewildered look came into Drummond's eyes; he looked at the publisher in a puzzled way.

"You don't see—that it is a joke," said he.

"A joke! Is all this meant to be a joke? Do you think the public would read a joke extending to five hundred pages?"

"Confound them, they read many a five hundred pages without any joke in them at all," said Drummond.

"My dear fellow!" said the publisher, with a friendly and condescending smile, "why, God bless my soul! who could be amusing for five hundred pages?"

"There are many folks amusing all their life-long," retorted Drummond, though he was rather disappointed.

"What they are after, goodness only knows. Perhaps they have the fun taken out of them."

"Take my advice, Drummond," said his friendly adviser. "Don't waste your time over this. If it were a real piece of history, now, you know—something nice and picturesque about the Abbey itself, and the great heroes there—with a good dash of patriotism, and religious feeling, and that kind of thing—then the public would look at it. But a joke! and a joke about Westminster Abbey of all places in the world!"

"I meant no disrespect to the Abbey, I am sure," said Drummond, humbly.

"No, no," said his friend; "don't you waste your time on that."

THE "SENTINEL"

Has the Largest Bona Fide Circulation of Any Daily Paper in the State, outside of Indianapolis. Advertisers and Others are Invited to Call at this Office and Verify this Assertion.

TAKING CARE OF HIM NIGHTS.

Rob is the nicest baby. He hardly ever cries. And oh, he is just too lovely. When he shuts his dark blue eyes! Don't you wish you could see him? It is worth a thousand dollars. I guess you wouldn't think so. If you had to take care of him nights. I'm glad he is just so little. Wait till he stamps, and shouts and screams. Wait till he shakes the floor! Wait till he wears great rubber boots. And teases for balls and kites. I guess you'd be glad to have him grow. If you had to take care of him nights!—Dora Reed Goodale, St. Nicholas for October.

MADCAP VIOLET.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"I am beginning to think what I have done, that is all," she said, trying to conceal her tears; "and it is never to be undone now. And all for what?—a drive and a look at some flowers; and now I can never look my father in the face again, nor the only friends I have in the world, nor Miss Main, nor any body."

"They—they needn't know," he said, hesitatingly.

"Don't I know myself?" she said, vehemently. "Can any thing be worse than that? And I never was so mean as to deceive any one before—and—oh! I can't bear to think of it!"

"You must not think so much of all this," said he, soothingly. "The fact is, you are very proud, and what annoys you wouldn't disturb any body else. It was scarcely fair, I admit, to go and deceive those people, or rather let them deceive themselves; but, after all, it was only a bit of fun."

"Yes," she said, rapidly. "It was that at the time it was that all today—but now that we have had our adventure, comes the price that has to be paid for it. Do you know what I would give to have those last few days cut out of my life altogether? That is the worst of it; you can not forget."

"It isn't so serious as all that," he pleaded.

"Not to you," she answered.

He certainly perceived that what delight was to come of this adventure had passed away. All the gay and careless audacity had fled from her manner; she seemed to be brooding over her self-humiliation. It was no use arguing with her; she was much too sharp in her replies for him. He began to think they might as well drive back to London.

She pulled out her watch.

"Could your man get me up to London by half-past five?"

"Certainly, if we start now."

"And would you mind leaving me anywhere in the neighborhood of Euston Square? You can go home then, you know."

"But how about Miss Main?" said he, in surprise.

"Never mind her; I will arrange about that."

"All right," said he; "we must return to the inn now."

It was a sultry afternoon as they drove back along the dusty highway to the great town they had left in the morning. A light brown haze had come over the sky; and the sun, that had got a coppery tinge, threw a curiously ruddy light on the highway, where the shadows of the trees were purple rather than gray. There was no wind now; the air seemed to choke one; the birds were hushed; every thing promised thunder.

"You mean to go and see your father, I suppose?" said he.

"Yes," she said, firmly. "This at least I can do—I can go and confess to every one whom I have deceived, and ask their pardon—every one. What they will think of me afterward—I will not let them say. I should have thought of that before undertaking this piece of folly."

"I don't see why you should bear all the blame, and take all the punishment," he said. "I will tell you what I will do, if you like: what if I go up to your father's with you, and tell him the whole story? I will if you like."

"You would?" she said, with her face brightening.

"I like you for that," she said, frankly; "but, of course, I can not allow it. You had nothing to do with it. It isn't the mere running off for a day that I regret—that was mere stupidity—but the horrid cheating; it is that I can't get over."

"That is merely because you are so proud."

"It does not matter how or why it is, so long as it is there. I am what I am; and I hate myself—I shall continue to hate myself until I have confessed the whole thing, and left it with them to forgive me or not, as they please. And if they do, will they ever be able to forget? No, no; this piece of fun—of ridiculous nonsense—has done something that is not to be undone, I know that."

"Come, I say," he remonstrated, "you are really taking the thing too much to heart. There is no sort of condoning a mistake in the world. Is every thing you do to stick to you forever? I think that would be uncommonly hard."

"Tell your man to go as fast as he can," that was all the answer she made; and yet it was said wistfully, so that he took no offense.

In due course of time they got up into the hot air of London: the ominous sky was clearing, but the sultry closeness still remained. When they reached the neighborhood of Euston Square she asked to be set down; and

then she held out her hand, and bid him good bye.

"When am I to see you again?" he asked, rather timidly.

"Perhaps never," she answered; and then she added, with a smile, "Don't ask me to make any more appointments at present. There has been enough mischief out of that."

"I mean to see you soon," said he, some firmness; and then he drove away.

She walked up to the door of her father's house, and rang the bell. Her heart was beating violently.

"Is Sir Acton at home, George?"

"Yes, miss," answered the man; and then she walked in and through the hall.

She found her father in a room the walls of which were almost covered with plans and maps, while the table was littered with all manner of papers. When he looked up it was clear that his mind was deeply engaged on some project, for he betrayed no surprise at finding her standing there.

"Well, Violet, well!" he said, absently. "I will see you at dinner; go away now, like a good girl."

If he was not surprised to find her there, he was sufficiently startled by what followed. Before he knew how it all happened, he found the girl down on her knees beside him, hiding her head in his lap, and crying wildly and bitterly. What could it all mean?

He began to recollect that his daughter had not been expected to dinner.

"My girl, my girl, what is all this about?" said he.

She told him, with many sobs, the whole story—every particular of it, and eagerly putting the whole blame on herself. To tell the truth, Sir Acton was not so very much shocked; but, then, the story told by herself would have sounded differently had it reached him as a rumor at second-hand.

"That is all, then?" said he. "You have just come back from that foolish excursion? Well, well, you did right to come to me. Just let me see what's to be done; but you did right to come to me."

Perhaps at the moment some notion flashed across his mind that he had not quite given the girl that measure of paternal advice and protection which was her due. Nor, indeed, was it easy for him to say off-hand what he should do now; for his mind was still filled with the particulars of the Canadian railway, and there was scarcely room for the case of this runaway school-girl.

"Bless my soul, now," said he, "I don't know what we had better do."

"Oh, papa!" she cried, with the beautiful dark eyes still wet with tears, looking up imploringly to his face, "take me with you to Canada! I asked you on Saturday; and if you had said yes, then, I should have been so happy! I want to go away from England—I hate England—I don't care how long you are away. Papa, how long you take me with you to Canada!"

He put his hand on her head; was there some look of her mother in those earnest, entreating eyes?

"I will do any thing you really wish," Violet, he said, hurriedly. "But you don't know what this means. I may be away longer than I expect at present—perhaps eighteen months or two years."

"Oh, papa, that is just what I want—to be away for a long, long time, or altogether."

"But the traveling, Violet. We should have to be continually traveling immensely long distances, with little time for amusement and sight-seeing. And we should occasionally get to places where the hotel accommodation would doubtless frighten a London-bred young lady."

"It won't frighten me," she said; and there was a happy light shining through her tears; for had he not used the word "we"?

He got up and began to walk about the room; she stood for a minute or two irresolute, and then she went to him, and put her head in his bosom, so that he put his arms round her.

"Papa, I will be such a good companion to you! I will copy all your letters for you, and I will get up in the morning and see that the people have your breakfast for you, and I will take charge of all your clothes and your papers, and every thing."

"And I don't want to go sight-seeing—I would far rather come to live with you, and be a good girl, and I don't need any outfit, for I can wear the dresses I have; and if there are any great expenses, papa, you might give me ten pounds a year less until you make it up."

At this he burst out laughing; but it was rather a gasping sort of laugh, and there was just a trace of moisture in his eyes as he patted her head.

"I think we might scrape together the few pounds for your traveling without starving you," said he.

"Then you will let me go with you?" she cried, raising her head with a great delight shining in her face.

He nodded assent. Then she put her arms round his neck and pulled down his head, and said,

"I have something to whisper to you, papa. It is that I love you; and that there is no other papa like you in the whole world."

"Ah, well," said he, when she had released him, "that being settled, what do you propose now, Miss Violet?"

"Oh," she said, "now I have confessed every thing to you, and you have been so good to me, I am not so anxious about other people; but still I have to go and beg them to forgive me too—and I will go on my knees to them all, if they wish; and then, papa, I must tell Miss Main that I am going to Canada. When do we go, papa?"

"Will three weeks hence be too soon for you?"

"Three days wouldn't."

"Then, between a fortnight and three weeks."

She was so overjoyed and grateful that she gladly consented to stay to dinner—a telegram having been sent to Miss Main—and she even condescended to be civil to Lady North and to her rather ugly half-sisters. After dinner she was sent over to the school in her father's brougham.

She made her peace with Miss Main, though that lady was sore distressed to hear that she was about to leave

the school and go to Canada. Then she went up to her own room.

She threw open the window. It had now begun to rain; and there were sweet cool winds about. In the dim orange twilight of a solitary candle, she got out from her trunk the leaves of her MS. novel, and these she deliberately tore to pieces.

"You sham stuff, that is an end of you!" she seemed to say; "you must pack off, along with plenty of other nonsense, I have done with that now; you were good enough as the amusement of a school-girl. The school-girl casts you aside when she steps into the life of a woman."

CHAPTER VIII.

ENGLAND, FAREWELL!

"When does she go?" asked James Drummond of his sister. He was rather moodily staring out of window.

"To-morrow she goes down to Southampton; and I think they sail next day. All the school is in a terrible way about it. Amy has been having little fits of crying by herself these two or three days back. She says that the whole of the girls came and asked Violet for some little keepsake—and of course she would part with her head if it was asked of her—and now they mean to present her with some book or other, with their names written in it. Dear, dear me, what will our Amy do! I am glad she had sufficient sense not to accept Violet's watch—the notion of one girl coolly offering another a gold watch!"

"We shall miss her too," Mr. Drummond said; he was apparently not overjoyed at Violet North's approaching departure.

He turned impatiently from the window.

"Do you know," said he—with a look of anger which would have frightened any body but his sister, who knew his ways—"do you know what mischief is likely to be done the girl by this two years' trip? Look at her now—a wild, headstrong, audacious school-girl just entering the period in which her character as a woman will be formed. And at this moment, instead of letting some soft womanly hand smooth down the angles of her character—instead of submitting her to all sorts of gentle influences, which would teach her something of the grace and sweetness of a woman—they carry her off among a mob of railway directors, with their harsh, mechanical ways, and their worship of money, and their loud and bragging self-importance. Why, the girl will come back to England, if she comes back, worse than ever."

"Do you think her so very bad at present?" Mrs. Warren remonstrated, gently. "I thought you were very fond of her."

"And I am," he answered. "And there is a great deal about her that is to me intensely interesting, and even fascinating; while there is much that can only be tolerated in the hope that years will eradicate it. It was all very well to be amused by her rude frankness, her happy thoughtlessness, and that sort of romantic affectation she sometimes played with while she was a school-girl; but would you like to see all these things in the woman?"

"She must grow wiser as she grows older," his sister said, fighting a losing battle in defense of her friend.

"No doubt; but will she grow gentler, sweeter, more womanly? Her father, I dare say, thinks he is doing her a kindness; he is doing her a great injury."

"You don't like to part with her, James," his sister said, with a smile.

"Certainly I don't. I had some notion of asking her father to let her come and stay with us when she left school, and she was bound to leave it soon. If we could have got her with us to the Highlands, and kept her there for a couple of months, she would have got familiarized with us, and I should have been able to do it."

"Mrs. Warren was quite as impulsively generous as her brother; but she had to do with housekeeping books and tradesmen's bills; and she ventured to hint that the addition of another member to their household would affect their expenditure to a certain degree. He would not hear of that. The frugal manner in which they lived surely left them some margin for acts of friendliness; and if Violet North was not the sort of girl to expect or appreciate expensive living."

"But there is no use talking of it," he said, with a sigh. "When she comes back, we shall see what sort of woman she is."

"That is part of your regret," said his shrewd sister. "You were always interested in the girl—watching her, questioning her, studying her—and now, just as the study was about to reach its most interesting point, she is seized and carried off. Perhaps it will not turn out so badly for her, after all; I am sure I hope so, for I can not help loving the girl, though she has never been a good example to set before our little Amy."

"I think," said Drummond, suddenly, "I should like to go down to Southampton and see her off. The poorest emigrant has friends to go and bid him good-bye. I doubt whether she will have a single creature to shake hands with her the day after to-morrow."

"Won't Mr. Miller be there?" his sister suggested.

"No; when he learned that she had promised neither to see him nor to write to him before leaving, he very fairly said that he would not try to get her to do either. And it was very straightforward of that young fellow to go up to her father and ask his permission. I think we must get him over to dinner in a day or two."

"Yes," said his sister, with a smile, "now they have taken Violet away from you, you can begin and dissect him."

"There is more commonplace material there," said Drummond, indifferently, as he went away to get a railway ticket.

And as the train came at which Violet North was to leave, that tall, thin, and somewhat faded man, who had been her friend for many a day, and there was her father's brougham at the door, and a cab to take her small store

of worldly possessions. The girls had begged leave to go out into the bit of front garden to see her off; she came down among them, and there was a great deal of hand-shaking and kissing, and "Good-bye, Violet," going on. It was a trying moment. For these last two weeks she had been released from all tasks; and had already assumed the airs of a woman. She had been very dignified and gracious with her former companions—a little conscious of superiority, and proud of Miss Main's professed society and counsel; and inclined at times to beg of this or that girl to be a little less unruly, and a little more mindful of the proper demeanor of a young lady. Now she was only Violet North again. Her attempt at playing the woman quite broke down; she was crying bitterly as she got into the carriage, where she huddled herself away ignominiously into a corner, and hid herself from the eyes of her companions, who were waving their handkerchiefs after her.

But she was not crying when she stood on the white decks of the great steamer, and watched the last preparations being made for leaving England. It was a brilliant and beautiful forenoon, the sun scattering millions of diamonds on the slight ripples of the water, a fair blue sky overhead. She was proud, glad, impatient to be off; the new excitement had brought such a color to her face and such a brightness to her eyes, that several of the passengers looked at this remarkably handsome girl and hoped she was not merely a visitor.

"I must be getting ashore now," said Mr. Drummond to her; and then he added, with the old friendly smile, "Are you sure you have no other message that you have given me?"

"Do you mean for Mr. Miller?" she asked, looking down; and then, as he did not answer, she continued, "Yes, I have. Tell him I am obliged to him for all the fun and mischief I had; but that is all over now. Oh, Mr. Drummond, isn't it fine to be able to cut off all that and get away quite free? I am so glad to be going! And when you see me again, I shall be quite a reformed character."

"Good-bye, Sir Acton. Good-bye, Violet; don't you forget to write to us."

Shyly, like a school-girl, she took his hand; and yet she held it for a moment, and her voice rather faltered as she spoke.

"Good-bye. You have been kind to me. Try not to—think badly of me. And—indeed you have been so kind to me."

Over the three hours afterward, all that Violet North could see of England was a long, low line of blue, with here and there an indication of white; and now it seemed to her that she did not hate her native country at all. That is what distance does for us; the harsh and bitter features of this or that experience are slowly obliterated, and memory begins to look kindly on the past. England was to her no longer a place of squalid streets and noisy markets, of vulgar and vulgar trades, but the fair old mother-country, proud and honorable, the beloved of many poets, the home to which the carrier-pigeon of the imagination was sure to return with swift wings from any other point of the earth. She had been glad to get away from England; yet already her heart yearned back to the old, joyous, mischievous life she had led, and it did not seem wretched at all. The new dignity of woman's estate did not wholly console her; for now she was crying just like any school-girl, and like a school-girl, she would accept of no comfort in her misery.

CHAPTER IX.

CELEUM NON ANIMUM.

Sir Acton North had early in life arrived at the conclusion that women were, on the whole, inexplicable creatures, who lived in a region of sentiment into which no man had ever entered, and who had all kinds of fancies and longings which no man could possibly follow. But because she could not understand these strange notions, did he consider them preposterous? Not at all. He took them on trust, for the very reason that he could not guess at their origin. He was most considerate toward those women with whom he had dealings; it was enough for him that they believed so and so, and did feel this or that; he had long ago given up all notion of trying to shorten the long sentences; and, to comfort her, he simply accepted their reports.

Take, for example, the relations between Violet North and her step-mother. Why, he asked himself, could not these two people live in the same house together and be decently civil to each other? The answer was that they were women—they had "sympathies," "antipathies," "secret repugnances," and all the rest of it, which were no doubt of great importance to themselves, but were a trifle unimportant to her.

Now, what a young man, had shared his rooms with this or that acquaintance, whose habits and opinions were very different from his own; but did they quarrel? No; they were two men; they had something else to think of than studying those niceties of manner and expression that seemed to make women either love each other or hate each other, as the chance might be. Had he not had to work in daily association with many a man whose appearance, and dress, and habit of speech—in fact every thing about him—betokened mingled coarseness and meanness; and yet when did either of them find the other's presence in a room an insupportable outrage on the feelings? Women were strange creatures; but they had to be leniently dealt with; for, after all, these peculiar fancies of theirs were doubtless of importance to themselves.

Sir Acton North carried out this theory, especially with regard to his wife and daughters. At the present moment he was hampered in a serious manner the performance of his duties in Canada, merely because a school-girl had begged him to take her away from England for eighteen months or a couple of years. He did not understand why Violet should hate England, he was anxious to leave her. He had never committed some school-girl indiscretions; but surely every school-girl did not get into such

a passion of remorse when found out in a fault? However, here was his eldest daughter crying, sobbing, imploring to be taken with him to Canada; and so he took her.

Nor was he surprised that the moment she left England she should begin to be very sorrowful and filled with a longing regret. That was only another instance of the unintelligible workings of the feminine emotions. He cheered her as well as he could; and tried to interest her in the details of the voyage. Fortunately they had a fine passage; there were some agreeable people on board; and Miss North speedily regained her ordinary gaiety of spirits. When they landed on the shores of what was to her a new and wonderful country, moreover, she was full of high expectation. She proved, as she had promised to be, an excellent traveling companion. She was equal to any amount of fatigue—indeed, the girl had a constitution as tough as his own. She made light of delays and inconveniences; she saw every thing that was tolerably pleasant through rose-colored spectacles; such things as were beautiful or delightful provoked an admiration which pleased her father, because it was obviously flavored with gratitude. Then there was something on the other side. There were pauses of social enjoyment; and Sir Acton North, in taking about with him his daughter, was not at all averse to showing some of his old acquaintances what an English girl was like. And among those families were there not a few young men whose sister admired and longed—who wondered whether it was not possible to fascinate, delay, and subsequently capture this beautiful bird of passage? Doubtless, but their wives were of no avail. She was too busy, eager, and happy—to go gay and self-reliant of heart—to attend to imploring glances and sighs. If she had, in resolving to become a woman, thrown aside much of the fractions of impatience and rude frankness of her school-days, she still retained a gracious dignity—a certain lofty audacity of pride in herself—that would not at all permit that she should be trifled with. These young gentlemen were not aware that she had just been released from school, or doubtless they would have been sufficiently surprised by the fashion in which a school-girl could assume all the self-reliant dignity of a woman, keeping them, more especially, in their proper place.

But even Sir Acton's placid concurrence in the vagaries of the feminine nature would have been startled if he had not seen the girl's behavior was gradually growing up during all this time in his daughter's heart. It had been symbolized in a measure by the manner of her leaving England. She was glad to get away from the squalor, the din, the bustle of the sea-port town from which they sailed; but by and by all those objectionable things were forgotten and, looking back, she only saw her own beautiful England. So now all the fancies and longings which no man could possibly follow, were rather disappointed. "What they are after, goodness only knows. Perhaps they have the fun taken out of them then."

"Take my advice, Drummond," said his friendly adviser. "Don't waste your time over this. If it were a real piece of history, now, you know something nice and picturesque about the Abbey itself, and the great heroes and religious feeling, and that kind of thing—then the public would look at it. But a joke! and a joke about Westminster Abbey of all places in the world!"

"I meant no disrespect to the Abbey, I am sure," said Drummond, humbly.

"No, no," said his friend; "don't you waste your time on that."

James Drummond went home crest-fallen to his sister; he was sure of sympathy and admiration from his unfailing audience of one.

"They won't have it, Sarah."

"And why?"

"Because the public wouldn't see it was meant as a joke; and then, if they did, they would take it as an insult. By heavens! he said, savagely, "I wish all the publishers were buried in the Abbey, and that I had to write an inscription over their common tomb!"

"What would you say?"

He stood uncertain for a moment.

"I think," he said, slowly, "I can not do better than go and compose that inscription. As a great favor, I will show it to any publisher who makes the application. It is not every one who can tell before his death what his tombstone is going to say after that event. Sarah, don't be afraid to disturb me until I have finished my epigram on the departed race of publishers."

So that was all that came at the moment of Mr. Drummond's great project; and Mrs. Warren was once more defeated in her desire to be able to write out to Violet North the letter of farewell that she had so often promised to write.

It was a casual and apparently a careless question; but somehow the answer was looked for. And that came from Mr. Drummond himself, who described, in his rambling, odd, popular fashion, the evening which Mr. George Miller had spent at his house the very night before. The girl

dwelt long over that pleasant little picture; until she was more ready than ever to cry out, "How very happy the stars must be, because they can see my England!"

CHAPTER X.

A MESSAGE HOME.

England, meanwhile, had not remained stationary merely because Violet North had left it. The little world in which she had lived still waggled on in its accustomed way, bringing all manner of changes, big and little, to the people she had known.

First of all, Mr. Drummond had finally completed his scheme for a great work to which he meant to devote the following winter. He had developed many such schemes before; and he had always been looking forward to a winter's serious work; but somehow the big project generally dwindled down to the dimensions of a magazine article, and even that was sometimes too whimsical and perverse for the most patient of editors. However, this time he was resolved to get the thing done; and so he went to a publisher whom he knew, carrying with him a few slips containing the outlines of his projected book. The publisher's face grew more puzzled as he looked at the following title and table of contents:

ON A PROPOSAL TO WHITEWASH THE OUTSIDE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Sub-head 1.—The General Properties and History of Whitewash.

Section I. On Expiatory Punishments.

Section II. Remarks on Modern Estimates of Judas Iscariot, Nero, Henry VIII., and Tongue-makers.

Section III. Whitecross Street.

Section IV. On those retrospective marriage laws which clear the character of illegitimate children.

Section V. On tombstone inscriptions.

Sub-head 2.—The Interior of Westminster Abbey.

Section I. On Exploited Reputations.

Section II. Three questions proposed:—1. Is it possible for the disembodied spirit to be present at the funeral of his own body? 2. Is it possible for a disembodied spirit to blush? 3. Is it probable that, on several occasions, disembodied spirits have been present in Westminster Abbey, for the purpose of finding their own bodies being buried there?

Section III. On the Dean of Westminster as a collector of curiosities.

Section IV. On the possibility of a Dean of Westminster becoming possessed of the evil eye, and therefore able to secure obituaries for his collection before the proper time.

Section V. A proposal for a Junior Westminster Club, the object of which is to occupy the present Abbey to retire by degrees, and to be filled up from the Junior.

The publisher got no further than that. His brain was in a whirl, and he sought safety by getting back to the initial point of his perplexity.

"God bless my soul!" he cried, "what do you mean, Drummond? I wish you would tell me what this is all about. Why, the public wouldn't hear of such a thing. It would be an outrage—a barbarism—I never heard of such a notion."

A quick, strange, bewildered look came into Drummond's eyes; he looked at the publisher in a puzzled way.

"You don't—see—that it is a joke," said he.

"A joke! Is all this meant to be a joke? Do you think the public would read a joke extending to five hundred pages?"

"Confound them, they read many a five hundred pages without any joke in them at all," said Drummond.

"My dear fellow," said the publisher, with a friendly and condescending smile, "why, God bless my soul! who could be amusing for five hundred pages?"

"There are many folks amusing all their life-long," retorted Drummond, though he was rather disappointed. "What they are after, goodness only knows. Perhaps they have the fun taken out of them then."

"Take my

friend, of course. He called the waiter and told him to have the rejected bottle of wine added to the dinner-bill; the man went away with more gratitude in his face than he dared express in words.

"But it is very wrong," said young Miller, gravely. "You see you don't understand these things, Drummond—you don't like to have men treated like machines—and yet if you let fine feelings come into the management of a club, you'll simply have had, and careless, and even impertinent servants. There's nothing like letting them suffer the consequences of their own mistakes. Haven't you to do the same? And who pities us? Now, isn't there common sense in that?"

"Oh yes, there's a deal of common sense in that," said Drummond, in a dry and serious tone which always irritated his companion, who never could tell whether it did not conceal some trace of sarcasm.

"My dear fellow," continued Miller—"he was pleased to be able to play Gamble himself at times—"the moment you break in on strict discipline, it is all over with the servants in a club. I remember a pretty instance of what follows from familiarity, and friendly feeling, and thinking of things. We had an Oxford person here—one of the new school, you know—felt that, thick walking-stick, long tramps, a half-fellow-well-sorted sort of fellow, you know, and a devil to smoke pipes—and he used to interest himself in the affairs of the waiter, and chat with them about their wives and families. Well, look here. He was in the smoking-room one evening—"

"The face of Mr. Miller had grown properly solemn. He was really anxious to impress on his friend the true principles of governing waiters.

"He was in the smoking-room one evening, and we were all round the fire, and he wanted a light. A waiter had brought up some things—I suppose he was one of his pets—and he asked this waiter to bring him a light. There were no matches on the table; and what does this fellow do but take out a match-box of his own, get hold of his boot—on the heel of his boot—and hand it over to the waiter?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Drummond, with an awe-struck face. "And what happened? Did the earth open and swallow up that fearful man?"

[To be continued.]

They Mixed Those Children Up.

A queer transaction was witnessed in a cemetery at Milwaukee a few days since by two gentlemen who had attended the funeral of the child of a friend, and remained walking about the grounds after the cortege had departed. The sextons had not filled up the grave when a second funeral arrived. It was also that of a child, but the grave prepared for it was too short. The men, therefore, deposited the second child in the first grave, and when its friends were gone actually transposed the coffins to suit the size of the excavations. But for the exposure made by the witness, the marble slab that was to be placed upon the grave of little Mary would have rested upon the sod that covered over little Jimmy, and the flowers that were to deck his grave would have wasted their sweetness upon the hillock of the little girl that happened to be buried the same day. The sextons who had "mixed those babies" up soon found that they had raised a hornet's nest about their ears by this strange transaction, and the coffins were again taken up and transferred to their proper positions in a hurry.

The English Language.

"The other day," writes Eli Perkins, "I met a French gentleman at Saratoga, who thought he had mastered the English language."

"How do you do?" I said on meeting him.

"Do you?" he asked in a puzzled manner.

"I mean, how do you find yourself?"

"Satisfactory! I never lose myself."

"But how do you feel?" I mean.

"How I feel? Oh, I feel smooth—just as you feel me."

"My dog! Where is my dog?" were Bismarck's first words on alighting from the railway station at Vienna.

The dog Sultan, who attended Gortschakoff during the congress, bounded to Bismarck's side, ignoring Andrassy and Prince Reuss, who kept a respectful distance. Bismarck and Andrassy entered the emperor's private carriage, when the window was suddenly opened, and a stentorian voice cried, "Mein hundert! We ist mein hund?"

If anything had befallen Sultan it is believed the Austro-German alliance would have collapsed. However, Sultan was assisted by the court flunkies into the carriage, and sedately sat on a rug.

The crowd at the hotel, were stupefied to see Sultan leap out of the court carriage, contrary to etiquette, and greet the by-standers with unpleasant demonstrations. The sight was ridiculous, and the people fled in all directions, Sultan having a bad reputation. Recently he named a Berlin foreign official for lying in sitting in Bismarck's chair. Six Berlin detectives are watching Bismarck's hotel, Sultan's predecessor having been killed, as Bismarck firmly believes, by two social democrats.

That Quinine will cure Chills and Fever is well known. But it is strange that the other febrile principles contained in Peruvian bark are more powerful than Quinine, and do not produce any annoying head symptoms like quinine in the ears. This fact is proved by Dr. P. Wilhoit's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic, which is a preparation of Peruvian bark, without Quinine, according to the declaration of its proprietors, Wheelock, Finley & Co., of New Orleans.

UNIONNATI EXPOSITION.

The Mante Road

will sell round trip tickets to Cincinnati on

MONDAY, SEPT. 29TH,

at \$4.00 for round trip. Tickets good to return until and including Saturday, Oct. 4th.

Train leaves north depot at 10:45 a. m.

9:26, 3

A SHOOKING GIRL.

Not Wicked, but Electric Like a South American Eel.

(London Ont.) Advertiser.

About two years since a daughter of Mr. Richard Clare, Caroline by name, and then seventeen years of age, living on Lot No. 25, on the second concession of Rodney, was taken ill. Her disease could not be correctly diagnosed, and had many peculiar features. Her appetite fell off, and she lost flesh till from a strapping girl of 180 pounds weight she barely weighed 87 pounds. There did not seem to be organic complaint. The bodily functions were not impaired, and although she ate less than formerly, the falling off in this respect was not such as in itself would alarm her friends. After the lapse of a few months she took to her bed. Then it was that a change occurred in her mental condition. Formerly she was noted rather for lack of conversational powers, but now fits or spasms would come over her, on the passing away of which her eyes would become set and glazed, her body almost rigid, and while in that state she would discourse eloquently and give vivid descriptions of far-off scenes, far exceeding in their beauty anything which she had ever seen or presumably ever read of. On the passing away of this state she exhibited a great degree of lassitude and indisposition to move, and was taciturn and surly in reply to any questions. This continued until about a month since, when an extraordinary change took place. The girl, although still not gaining flesh, appeared to rally. She became light hearted and gay, and her friends anticipated an early release for her from the room to which she had been so long confined. Their expectations were not in vain, for she is now about the house, apparently as well as ever. But another remarkable development has taken place. She is constantly giving off electrical charges and seems to be a perfect battery. A person, unless possessed of the very strongest nerves, cannot shake hands with her, nor can any one place his hands in a pail of water with hers. By joining hands she can send a sharp shock through 15 or 20 persons in a room, and she possesses all the attractions of a magnet. If she attempts to pick up a knife the blade jumps into her hand, and a paper of needles will hang suspended from one of her fingers. So strongly developed is the electrical power that she can not release from her touch any article of steel which she may have taken up. The only method yet found is for a second party to take hold of the articles and pull, while the girl strokes her own arm vigorously, from the wrist upward. On her entering a room a perceptible influence seizes hold of all others, and while some are affected to sleepiness, others are ill and feign to fall away, and even for a considerable time afterward. A sleeping babe will wake up with a start at her approach, but with a stroke of her hand she can at once coax it to slumber again. Animals are also subject to her influence, and a dog of the household will lie for hours at her feet as motionless as in death. A curious part of the phenomena is the fact that electricity can be imparted by her to any article with which she habitually comes in contact. The other day a younger sister, while doing the housework, took up a pair of corsets belonging to Caroline, and on her hand touching the steel she was compelled to drop them with a loud cry and an exclamation to the effect that she had run a needle in her finger. Wooden spoons have had to be made for her, as she can not touch metal. Altogether the case is a most remarkable one, and attracts scores of visitors to the house of Mr. Clare. Medical men are especially interesting themselves, and it has been stated that Dr. Tye, of Thameville, will read a paper on the subject at the meeting of the Provincial Medical Association which is to be held in London in the course of this summer. Mr. Clare is the father of a family of seven children, none of whom except Caroline show any abnormal qualities.

FARM NOTES.

The average stride of the horse at a fast gallop is twenty-four feet; that of the trotting horse at his highest speed, seventeen feet.

As the feed begins to fail see that the stock have what they want to eat, upon being driven up at night. A little food early saves flesh later.

In the department of the Nord, the most important agricultural region of France, the number of cattle kept now is one head to each two and a half acres; in 1840 it was one to five acres.

Have you a meadow that you want to keep in heart another year? Top dress it immediately. You will see the benefit in the next grass crop, and when broken up for other crops, you will continue to see what manure will do.

The wood of the apple tree is very fine-grained, and when green weighs from 48 to 56 pounds per cubic foot, and when dried loses one-fourth. The wood is used in the manufacture of shoe lasts, plane handles, cog wheels, and the like.

One of the most important matters in the care of hogs in the autumn, not only in stockers, but fattening lugs, is to keep them dry under foot, give them plenty of the best food, and especially see that their sleeping quarters be dry and warm, and at the same time well ventilated.

California farmers are quite successful in their prevention of smut in seed wheat. The proportion they use of bluestone (sulphate of copper) to each ton of wheat is ten pounds. The solution is applied in troughs, the wheat being placed therein and enough of the liquid applied to cover the grain.

Owing to the partial failure of the hay crop in England an export trade in hay may be expected from America. Already shipments of pressed hay have been made from Canada, and the same may be expected from our Atlantic ports, provided freight at any time should be sufficiently favorable. In London good hay is selling at \$30 to \$32 a ton of 2,240 pounds.

In applying nitric soil to pear trees, which he does once in two or three years, Mr. Baldwin Coolidge, of Lawrence, places it in a series of holes dug around the tree, three or four holes to each tree, and from four to six feet from the tree to the nearest edge of the holes. The place is covered after the night soil is applied, and its effect upon the growth of the tree is wonderful.

As an instance of how tropical trees grow in tropical climates, it is said that three years after the seed of the orange tree is planted in the ground there the tree will be 15 feet high, and the fourth year will yield a hundred oranges. At ten years it will often produce 2,000 oranges. Those who have nursed these trees in pots in the north will appreciate the difference.

Electricity in Flowers.

(Nashville Courier.)

Last evening a gentleman of this city accidentally made a most singular discovery respecting the electrical influence of the ordinary morning glory vine. Seated near the lattice work, over which the vine was trained, his attention was attracted to a single little branch tipped with a growing line extending straight out from the rest, and speculated within himself whether the tiny hairs with which the stem was clothed were not placed there for the purpose of conducting the electric fluid of the atmosphere to the plant. In order to continue his investigation he approached his finger within a half inch of it, and was amazed to observe a slight—almost imperceptible—yet unmistakable motion of the stem. As he pushed his finger a little nearer the stem trembled very visibly and was seemingly attracted and repelled from him. The hairs which he noticed before did not move, but remained erect. There was no wind at the time and the motion was purely an induced one. After this interesting experiment he placed the end of his finger within a short distance of the growing bud, and slowly moved in a circular direction. The stem followed the motion until it was bent in the shape of a letter C, and when the finger was withdrawn instantly gained its straight position. This last experiment was witnessed by several persons, all of whom tried it with varying success.

THE REFORM IN SPELLING.

Hon. Joseph Medill, chief editor of the Chicago Tribune, was one of the pioneers in the advocacy of the spelling reform, and took his share of the ridicule with which the suggestions for a reasonable mode of spelling were received. He has lived to see the day when any philologist of any repute, either in this country or in Europe, is in favor of the reform, and when no intelligent man holds the movement in disrespect. On the 23 of this month Mr. Medill issued the following corrected spellings for the government of writers, composers and proof readers in the Tribune office: Hereafter spell certain words appearing in the Tribune as follows:

Omit *me* in demagog, catalog, pulgog, synagog, dialog, decalog, and other words ending in *logue* and *gogue*.

Omit the superfluous *me* in program, gram.

Omit the second *m* in dilemma (dilemma).

Omit the superfluous *te* in cigaret, etiquette, parquet, coquet, and all similar words, except "Gazette" when it is used as the name of a newspaper.

Spell definite in all its forms without the final *e*; thus definite—ly—ness, indefinitely—ly—ness.

Spell infinitive without the final *e*; also, opposit—ly—ness and opposit—ly—ness.

In words ending in "lessness" drop one *s* from "less"; viz: Carelessness, thanklessness, etc.

Omit the fourth *s* in assassin and other forms of the word.

Spell *sonnet*, not *sonnetait*.

Spell *cannon* with a Spanish *n*, or spell it *canyon*.

Change *py* to *f* in fantom, fantasm, and all forms of the word; also in *fontaine*—al, fontangy, orthogony, alphabet, diffract, diffrang.

The New York Tribune copies the above from the Chicago Tribune and comments as follows:

PROFESSIONAL PANDERS.

A Look from Texas History—A Tale With Much of Warning.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

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FARM NOTES.

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The wood of the apple tree is very fine-grained, and when green weighs from 48 to 56 pounds per cubic foot, and when dried loses one-fourth. The wood is used in the manufacture of shoe lasts, plane handles, cog wheels, and the like.

One of the most important matters in the care of hogs in the autumn, not only in stockers, but fattening lugs, is to keep them dry under foot, give them plenty of the best food, and especially see that their sleeping quarters be dry and warm, and at the same time well ventilated.

California farmers are quite successful in their prevention of smut in seed wheat. The proportion they use of bluestone (sulphate of copper) to each ton of wheat is ten pounds. The solution is applied in troughs, the wheat being placed therein and enough of the liquid applied to cover the grain.

Owing to the partial failure of the hay crop in England an export trade in hay may be expected from America. Already shipments of pressed hay have been made from Canada, and the same may be expected from our Atlantic ports, provided freight at any time should be sufficiently favorable. In London good hay is selling at \$30 to \$32 a ton of 2,240 pounds.

In applying nitric soil to pear trees, which he does once in two or three years, Mr. Baldwin Coolidge, of Lawrence, places it in a series of holes dug around the tree, three or four holes to each tree, and from four to six feet from the tree to the nearest edge of the holes. The place is covered after the night soil is applied, and its effect upon the growth of the tree is wonderful.

As an instance of how tropical trees grow in tropical climates, it is said that three years after the seed of the orange tree is planted in the ground there the tree will be 15 feet high, and the fourth year will yield a hundred oranges. At ten years it will often produce 2,000 oranges. Those who have nursed these trees in pots in the north will appreciate the difference.

Electricity in Flowers.

(Nashville Courier.)

Last evening a gentleman of this city accidentally made a most singular discovery respecting the electrical influence of the ordinary morning glory vine. Seated near the lattice work, over which the vine was trained, his attention was attracted to a single little branch tipped with a growing line extending straight out from the rest, and speculated within himself whether the tiny hairs with which the stem was clothed were not placed there for the purpose of conducting the electric fluid of the atmosphere to the plant. In order to continue his investigation he approached his finger within a half inch of it, and was amazed to observe a slight—almost imperceptible—yet unmistakable motion of the stem. As he pushed his finger a little nearer the stem trembled very visibly and was seemingly attracted and repelled from him. The hairs which he noticed before did not move, but remained erect. There was no wind at the time and the motion was purely an induced one. After this interesting experiment he placed the end of his finger within a short distance of the growing bud, and slowly moved in a circular direction. The stem followed the motion until it was bent in the shape of a letter C, and when the finger was withdrawn instantly gained its straight position. This last experiment was witnessed by several persons, all of whom tried it with varying success.

THE REFORM IN SPELLING.

Hon. Joseph Medill, chief editor of the Chicago Tribune, was one of the pioneers in the advocacy of the spelling reform, and took his share of the ridicule with which the suggestions for a reasonable mode of spelling were received. He has lived to see the day when any philologist of any repute, either in this country or in Europe, is in favor of the reform, and when no intelligent man holds the movement in disrespect. On the 23 of this month Mr. Medill issued the following corrected spellings for the government of writers, composers and proof readers in the Tribune office: Hereafter spell certain words appearing in the Tribune as follows:

Omit *me* in demagog, catalog, pulgog, synagog, dialog, decalog, and other words ending in *logue* and *gogue*.

Omit the superfluous *me* in program, gram.

Omit the second *m* in dilemma (dilemma).

Omit the superfluous *te* in cigaret, etiquette, parquet, coquet, and all similar words, except "Gazette" when it is used as the name of a newspaper.

Spell definite in all its forms without the final *e*; thus definite—ly—ness, indefinitely—ly—ness.

Spell infinitive without the final *e*; also, opposit—ly—ness and opposit—ly—ness.

In words ending in "lessness" drop one *s* from "less"; viz: Carelessness, thanklessness, etc.

Omit the fourth *s* in assassin and other forms of the word.

Spell *sonnet*, not *sonnetait*.

Spell *cannon* with a Spanish *n*, or spell it *canyon*.

Change *py* to *f* in fantom, fantasm, and all forms of the word; also in *fontaine*—al, fontangy, orthogony, alphabet, diffract, diffrang.

The New York Tribune copies the above from the Chicago Tribune and comments as follows:

PROFESSIONAL PANDERS.

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